

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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THE ARGUS.

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J. W. POTTER, PUBLISHER.



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

The president was wise to leave the settlement of the Hawaiian question in congress, and congress will be equally wise to leave it to the Hawaiians.

INGALLS looked more attenuated than ever when he made his address in Kansas City the other day. His long frock coat closely buttoned accentuated the gauntness of his figure, and this, with the streaks of white in his hair, made him appear to be "a compromise between an illuminated spook and an animated moonbeam." The ex-statesman is said also on this occasion to have resembled his cartoons more than his portraits.

WAYNE MACVEAGH, who has been appointed minister to Italy, is a brother of Franklin MacVeagh, the Chicago merchant. His home is in Philadelphia. He is a lawyer, and was appointed by President Garfield a member of the cabinet as attorney general. With his brother, Franklin he was mugged in 1884, and since then they both have landed pretty squarely in the democratic party. Both the MacVeaghs are men of high character, high ability and unblemished reputation.

The Coming Senator.

Future events cast their shadows before. It is becoming to be acknowledged all over the country by those in a position to observe and know, that Rock Island is to furnish the next United States senator from the state of Illinois, and his name is Ben T. Cable. Here comes the Daily America, one of the brightest and best of New York's journals, with this announcement:

The election of John P. Hopkins to the Chicago mayoralty is an incident to which considerable political significance attaches. It means a further strengthening of the body of young democratic politicians that came to the front in Illinois with the second election of Cleveland.

It makes clearer the probability that the old war horses of the party will have to get off the track or be content to take orders from the youngsters. The directing genius of the new democratic regency is Ben Cable, the youthful ex-governor from the Rock Island district, and his associates are Hopkins, Hesing, Eckels, Russell, Scott and one or two others.

Cable has a pull at the White House second in value only to Don Dickinson's. It showed political management in Illinois, and a first mortgage on federal patronage can make Ben Cable a United States senator to succeed Cullom he will "get there."

And Still Growing.

At first the movement for woman suffrage was regarded as a mere crocheting, if not a craze. As it grew, there used to be floods and torrents of ridicule poured over it. But there never was a movement worth thinking of or worth striving for in this world that had not to take its baptism of fire in the way of ridicule and scorn.

Some of our ancestors, as Julius Caesar tells us, had a way of flinging their newborn children into cold streams and rivers, under the impression that those who did not survive were not worth the bringing up, and so we may say of movements like this—if they cannot survive their immersion in the cold waters of contempt or the heated geyser streams of ridicule and scorn, they are not worth the trying to bring up. This movement has got over all that. Since those early days it has been steadily growing, broadening, deepening, taking hold of society, of intelligence and of intellect everywhere throughout the country.—Justin McCarthy, M. P.

A Cold Snap.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?"

"Yes."

"And the result?"

"The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."—Hilltop Journal.

Christmas, 1893

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Patter, patter, 'tis the patter of the raindrops on the roof;
'Tis not the raindrop, 'tis the clatter of the wind-swept roof.
The children are all fast asleep and tucked away so snug.
Dreaming of the coming morning, when one will have a mug.
Every one will have a treasure, cash will be chased.
Papa, mamma, dear Kris Kringle, a long time have we been out.
And know when they the presents purchased what they were about.
Christmas morning, bright and charming, comes but once a year;
Let us each one then determine to make it bring good cheer.
Be the morning bright or cloudy, be it rain or shine,
Take the blessings as we find them under our "fig and vine."
Then indeed we will be happy and never wish to roam.
Let contentment be our watchword ever through this life,
Remembering home and Christmas morning ever in the strife.
A happy childhood with memories bright and gay
Oft helps the tired wayfarer on his lonely way;
In looking back he views his childhood's home so bright
That while he dreams of home and strives for heaven he sees the beacon light.
—Philadelphia Times.

CAPTAIN KAY'S HAT.

It Was Mutilated and Antiquated, but Struggled Hard For Existence.

Captain Kay, as we will call him, then in command of H. M. S. S., at anchor in Aden harbor, having been three years on the East Indian station, was clearing out his cabin prior to being ordered home, and finding his London hat case opened it, and, as may easily be credited, three years' moth and dampness had reduced its tenant to a dilapidated condition, besides which sundry pictures in illustrated journals had made the gallant captain aware that his once fashionable title had been superseded by a shorter and more curly brimmed description of the hatty genus.

Wanting in shape, color and condition, the captain said to his servant, "Throw it overboard," and overboard it went, but was not got rid of, as events quickly showed. One of the crew of a boat from the flagship coming from the shore, copying the hat floating in the water, picked it up, and seeing the name inside the coxswain brought it to the commander of his ship, and he sent it on board Captain Kay's ship with his compliments, thinking of course that it had fallen overboard by accident.

"Dash the hat!" said Captain Kay; "here, chuck it overboard again, and tell your commander I'm very much obliged," and down he went to his cabin.

Two hours afterward the hat returned, looking sadly out of repair, with Captain N.'s compliments. This time it had been picked up by the boatkeeper in one of the boats lying astern of Captain N.'s ship, an American man-of-war lying farther down Aden harbor, and having been dried in the sun was sent back to its proper ship and owner. "Tell Captain N. I'm very much obliged to him," said the now wrathful captain, and the American officer departed.

"Confound the hat!" said Captain Kay. "I shall have to ask N. to dinner. Here, bring me a shot or a lump of coal or something else heavy." A lump of coal was produced, it was placed inside, and by the captain's directions the hat was taken down the accommodation ladder, carefully allowed to fill with water, and it sank!

"Well, I've seen the last of that blessed hat," said Captain Kay, and whistling cheerfully descended to the cabin, but again he underestimated that hat's restorative powers, for two days afterward a parcel arrived addressed to "Captain Kay, H. M. S. S.," with 3 rupees 8 annas to pay. The money paid, the parcel was opened, and inside, looking still more disreputable and dispirited, was the hat again, together with a very civil note from the superintendent of police, saying that one of the diving boys—and there are swarms of them, as any one who has been in Aden harbor knows—had found the inclosed hat, which he saw from the name inside belonged to Captain Kay, and as he knew Captain Kay would wish the diving boy to be rewarded for his honesty he had presented him with a rupee, which action he hoped would meet with the captain's approval. Police station fee, 1 rupee and boat hire, 1 rupee 8 annas!

Then Captain Kay smiled graciously at the hat, and he ordered a big fire to be lit in the stove, and when it was very hot he took the hat below, and having jumped on it directed it to be pushed into the hottest part of the furnace, and then he glared over its destruction, but even as it crumbled to ashes, "Captain Kay, H. M. S. S." was seen inside to the last.—Westminster Gazette.

Writer and Model.

Miss Hildegard Werner is the latest model to appear before Queen Victoria. She is a Swede who studied the piano-forte at Stockholm and the violin in Paris. She is a journalist and writes musical news for several papers. King Oscar of Sweden has just conferred on her a gold medal.—Stockholm Letter.

THE THIRD DEGREE.

HOW IT WAS WORKED ON SUSPECTS BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

The Shrewd Catcher of Criminals Had a Way of Making the Guilty Once Confess. How McGloin Was Brought to Time and Increased the Rope Collection.

Scenes—intense, dramatic, horrible beyond conception to the men who are compelled by a subtle force, a moral magnetism, to convict themselves with their own uncontrollable words—are not infrequent at police headquarters.

An interesting case was that of McGloin, a tough who killed a Frenchman. There was little positive evidence against him. Everything was supposition, but Thomas Byrnes' suppositions in matters of that kind are likely to be not far from right. He was reasonably certain that McGloin was guilty, and that there had been three witnesses of the crime. The names and whereabouts of these probable witnesses he knew. McGloin had also pawned a pistol. Byrnes guessed that it was the pistol with which the crime had been committed. But he had not a particle of proof of any one of these things.

One day, however, he had McGloin and the three other men arrested, taking care that no one of the quartet should know that the others had been captured, giving no one of them an inkling of why he had been taken into custody. This also occurred during Byrnes' term as inspector. He occupied the room now used by Inspector McLaughlin, and around its walls in those days were the cases of implements and mementoes of crime now on exhibition in the museum across the hall. Into this room, where, as he entered, a tall glass case full of the ropes and black caps which had figured in the city's executions stared him in the face, McGloin was led. Neither the surroundings nor the fact that he was to be closeted with the famous police official worried him, however. He was full of the bravado of the "tough."

One of the windows of this room looks out upon the courtyard in the center of the building. Inspector Byrnes placed a chair so that its back was close against this window, and another facing it, with only room for knees between it and the casing. To the latter chair McGloin was led. As he sat there he had a full view of the courtyard. Byrnes sat in the other chair, with his back to it. Close on Byrnes' right was a desk.

Thus arranged, the plot began to unfold. For 10 minutes the inspector talked earnestly to the prisoner without good result. Then he touched a bell. The door of the room opened, and an obsequious Jew entered, and approaching the desk laid on it a pistol. McGloin's attention was attracted by the noise of the newcomer, and he turned to see—the pistol with which he had killed the Frenchman and the pawnbroker to whom he had pledged it. Without a word, but keeping his eyes on McGloin's, the Jew looked out of the room. It was a good deal of a shock to McGloin, but not enough to break down his bravado.

"What in—does this mean?" he demanded boldly.

"Oh, nothing," replied the inspector nonchalantly. "It is merely a pistol I wanted to see." Then he picked it up. "Handsome weapon, isn't it, McGloin? Might kill a man, eh?"

Then, laying the pistol down again, the inspector went on calmly talking about the crime. McGloin, beginning to feel the mystery, the dramatic force of it all, was getting nervous. He looked for a moment at the inspector, but one long, steady, searching glance from those penetrating eyes made him quickly turn away and direct his gaze out of the window into the courtyard again. Thus relieved of the strain of seeing disagreeable things, he began to regain his self-possession. "A man named Barber saw that crime committed," said the inspector quietly. McGloin started a trifle at hearing the name. Then Byrnes saw his face pale, and his mouth twitch, and knew that Barber was being led across the yard between two officers, and that McGloin was watching them. Even this did not break McGloin down, however. Five minutes later, though, when Flint, the second witness, was marched between two bluecoats across the court, he started almost from his chair. "Sit still, McGloin," said Byrnes impassively. "Another of those witnesses I spoke about was named Flint." From that time on McGloin weakened. Then, having spoken about Flint's connection with the crime, Byrnes said, a few minutes later, "And the third witness, McGloin, was Henry Farley." As the words left Byrnes' lips Farley began a slow progress across the yard. Byrnes had worked the third degree. McGloin yielded all at once. With a cry of terror, he literally sprang from his chair, and falling to his knees clasped Byrnes about his legs, crying like a child, confessing and begging the inspector not to have him hanged. His prayer was not granted, however. He was executed a year later in the Tomb's yard, and the three witnesses were sent to state prison for 12 years each. Among those rope ends and black caps in that glass case now is one bearing on a bit of cardboard the name "McGloin."—New York Press.

Humbert's Civil List.

The civil list or salary of King Humbert of Italy is the largest of all those paid by European nations to their respective sovereigns. This is so much more remarkable because Italian finances are at the lowest ebb. Humbert's civil list is fixed annually at 14,500,000 francs—nearly \$3,000,000. The European sovereigns who receive the highest pay below that of Humbert are Emperor William of Germany, with a civil list of 12,000,000 francs, and Queen Victoria, with about 8,000,000.—New York Tribune.

A LITTLE HERO.

A Bad In Klits Lost His Life While Trying to Save His Teacher.

The little district schoolhouse at Coopersville, Livingston county, was burned down Monday. The teacher, Miss Mabel Porter, aged 20, and a little hero scholar lost their lives. Two hours after school opened Miss Porter detected the smell of smoke. She opened a door leading into a woodshed to discover if anything was on fire. As she did so the flames burst into the schoolroom and enveloped the teacher. Miss Porter screamed and fell forward into the fire.

Immediately the schoolroom was in an uproar. There were 23 scholars, most of whom are small children. Two brothers—Melvin and Charles Chambers, aged 14 and 16 years—displayed remarkable presence of mind. To their hard work at the risk of their own lives is given the credit of saving most of the imperiled pupils. There was but one door—that opening into the burning shed—by which entrance to the schoolhouse was afforded. The brothers, seeing escape cut off in that direction, tore a seat loose from the floor, placed it under a window, smashed the glass and managed to lift the children through. Three girls fainting, and it was with difficulty that they were dragged through the little window to a place of safety.

Four-year-old John Johnson, son of a farmer residing near by, was burned to death. He was the teacher's pet. When he saw her fall forward into the fire, he ran to her side in a vain and futile effort to protect her from harm. So he died like a hero. When the ruins of the schoolhouse were searched, the charred bodies of the teacher and the noble little fellow were found side by side.

The Chambers boys were both severely burned about the face and arms. The younger inhaled so much hot air that it is feared serious injury may result.—Rochester Special.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION TO SELL REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ROCK ISLAND COUNTY.

To all Persons Concerned: Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of Mary L. Swank, John M. Swank, Ida M. Swank, Sadie E. Swank and Edward E. Swank, deceased, has filed in the office of the clerk of the county court of Rock Island county and state of Illinois, a petition for an order of sale of the following described real estate belonging to said minors, said real estate being in the county of Rock Island state of Illinois, and described as follows, to-wit:

The north twenty-eight and 79-100 (28 79-100) acres of the northeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section number seventeen (17), in township number eighteen (18), north range number two (2), east of the fourth principal meridian.

And that said section will be heard the first day of the February term, A. D. 1894, or as soon thereafter as counsel may be heard, at which time and place you can appear and object to said section if you see fit to do so.

Dated at Rock Island this 20th day of December, A. D. 1893. ELEANOR H. A. MILES, Guardian of Mary L. Swank, John M. Swank, Ida M. Swank, Sadie E. Swank and Edward E. Swank.

By JACKSON & HURST, Attorneys.

Amusements.

Harper's Theater, J. E. Montross, Manager.

Wednesday, Dec. 27.

Special Engagement of

THE TRAGEDIAN, ROBERT DOWNING.

Supported by EUGENIE BLAIR, Edmund Collier, and a strong company of players in a grand scenic production of

The Gladiator.

Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, 75, 50 and 25c. Seats on sale Dec. 26th.

Burlis Opera House, DAVENPORT.

TWO NIGHTS, Dec. 25 and 26

AND XMAS MATINEE.

Extraordinary Engagement.

Positively the only chance to see this great American play.

"Alabama,"

A story of the south by Augustus Thomas. The triumph of New York, Chicago and New Orleans.

Fourteen weeks at Hooley's theatre Chicago. The original cast.

All Special and Beautiful Scenery.

Prices \$1, 75, 50 and 25c. Sale opens Thursday morning, Dec. 21, at Flint's.

SEE AGAIN AS IN YOUTH!

THESE WONDERFUL LENSES

Are the result of years of patient experimentation, and are now placed, owing to their superiority, prominently above every other device produced in this line.

They are acknowledged by experts to be the best and most perfectly constructed lenses in the world, and are admirably adapted to correcting the various visual imperfections. A trial of the lenses will convince you of their value.

For sale by T. H. THOMAS, Drug-gist and optician.

Eyes tested free of charge.

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Dr. L. L. Garner.

Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miller Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

GENEVA, N. Y. I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unaltered, to the world the benefit received from Dr. Miller's Heart Cure.

I was stricken down with Heart Disease and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 90 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, much pain in the region of the heart and below lower ribs, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicine without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedies. She was cured by Dr. Miller's remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Heart Cure and two bottles of your Nervine. My pulse is normal, I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I am a well man. I sincerely recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miller's Heart Cure. New Remedies and be cured.

Cyprian City, Kans. L. L. GARNER.

Sold on a Positive Guarantee. OR MONEY RETURNED.

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Open Evenings.

Our store will be open evenings this week. Endless variety of useful articles, suitable for Xmas presents.

Klug, Hasler, Schwentser.

DRY GOODS COMPANY.

217 and 217 1-2 W. Second St., DAVENPORT

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